A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lie to heauy on the common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of al that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me of the heads
Of al the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the Iriſh warre.

Blunt Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe ſuffered his kinſman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeede

Indeede his King) to be ingag'd in Wales,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac't me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vncle from the counſel boord,
In rage diſmiſde my father from the Court,
Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafety, and withal to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shal I returne this anſwere to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, ſir Walter. VVeele withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some ſurety for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhal my vncle
Bring him our porpoſe and ſo farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue,

Hot. And may be, ſo we ſhal,

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Mighell.

Arch. Hie, good ſir Mighel, beare this ſealed briefe
VVith winged haſt to the Lord Marſhal,
This to my coſin Scroope, and al the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſt.

Sir M. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do,
To morrow, good ſir Mighel, is a day,
VVherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For ſir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truely giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and qnick raiſed power,
Meetes with Lord Harry, and I feare, ſir Mighel,
VVhat with the ſickneſſe of Northumberland.
VVhoſe power was in the firſt proportion,
And what Owen Glendowers abſence thence,
VVho with them was rated ſinew too,

I

And